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CENTRE OF VISION

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Motto

"Majestical he rose,
Upborne, and steered a flight of gentlest wing
His native Heaven to gain; whilst from their eye,
That to its centre fixed, in mute survey
Pursued the ascending glory, a bright cloud
Of bidden access, his latest presence caught.
By angel forms supported, who in song,
Not unperceived, and choral symphony,
Through Heaven's wide empyrean loud rejoices."

—Thomas Hughes.

"If your work is only good enough all other questions answer themselves."—*George Eliot.*

The Value of the Daily Work

To a marked degree the daily work is an important factor in securing power and in fixing in the mind lasting images of that which is beautiful. The gaining of power as a draftsman we can in a measure understand and determine. That can be definitely sought after, and by constant drill acquired, but we cannot so surely recognize and define the beautiful. It just as surely comes through the daily task, and in no other way so successfully. Let no day pass without the best record you can make.

Take each morning to your work the determination that it shall be clear and definite. By that I mean, do not waste your time by making hundreds of marks with the charcoal, or numbers of meaningless dabs at the canvas, in the vain hope that the right line or color will extricate itself from the others. Believe that each mark you put upon your paper is the right one until you can prove it wrong. Think so carefully about each stroke that you have perfect confidence in it at the time, believing that you are not only drafting accurately, but in a measure creating beauty on the canvas. This clearness in your work is absolutely necessary.

Then give to your production enough emphasis so that it will attract and hold the attention. Be sure to give this emphasis to that part which attracts you the most. A careful analysis of your feelings in this particular is necessary, because, in your effort to bring to the attention of others that which strongly influences you, some phase of beauty and truth may be given new light. Your work can only attract and hold the attention because of its clearness and emphasis.

When this has been done, give to your result all the ease, grace, and fineness that is possible. This last quality, which can be part of the daily work, is too often put off to some future time when you expect to finish your study. This aesthetic quality can never be perfectly attained, but if it is not daily striven for as persistently as the other qualities of a work of art, you will lack in your ability to appreciate or produce great art. One who has the power to give this quality to his work has the master touch.

"Think more of your own progress than of the opinion of others."
—Mendelssohn.

Let me speak of this more at length. A man should not think himself an artist because he can draw with clearness and attract attention to his work. The very process by which he masters these technicalities teaches him at least that that subtle charm which makes art marvelous is truly its distinguishing quality. If a man can feel and give to his creation beauty, he is truly an artist.

It is some faint power to perceive beauty which leads many to try their hand at drawing and painting. Such an one too often thinks the daily routine is simply for the purpose of learning to draw. My observation of many has convinced me that this is a fact. If your aim is no higher, your work will not be complete, and sooner or later take to its proper place below the average. Try to realize that he who would be a master among you must daily get power to perceive beauty.

Art will mean little to you unless you are able to perceive what is fine in art. It is the one who has the quality of seeing in the day's task of drawing and painting the opportunity of gaining new ideas of beauty who wins the mastery. One who has not this quality can draw and paint, but it is not often that he excels. He must appreciate the fact that this indefinable quality called beauty or refinement is a fundamental characteristic of work which would possess lasting value.

If the power is to a degree inherited, it requires no less the same earnest effort to develop it. At times I have thought that in-born love for art was a fatal gift, because it leads so many to feel that they need not exert themselves strenuously to seek to perfect that which is natural, and awaken in themselves perceptions of fine art.

The great things which have been done in art are treasured. They are prized not because they possess in perfection all that art means,—that is impossible,—but because they are the best productions of human beings who have longed to express themselves with pencil or brush.

Our every-day way of getting at art keeps us from seeing far ahead, but even the greatest has gone through the daily grind which is the royal road to the noblest success.

What I want to get from all this is that year after year we must plod through our tasks as students, no matter how puzzling, depressing, unending they may seem. We should have the growing conviction that all

"If an artist does not feel what is great, how can he succeed in making me feel it?" —*Mendelssohn.*

the while we are getting the power to appreciate and know the value of art. Technical as your work must seem to you at times, it will lead to a growing knowledge, that what you are doing as students unfolds inexhaustible realms of truth. It is just this which leads me more and more to be sure that the study of art is worthy of any system of education.

Your daily work, then, should possess to a possible degree all that great art possesses. That is, be clear, emphatic, and have that fineness of feeling which is the crowning glory of art.

Frederic L. Burnham.

A Coming Pleasure

"The spring, the spring has come again," or, more correctly, it is coming. The poet who wrote, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," may or may not have been right, but it is certainly true that in the spring every artist lightly turns to thoughts of sketching.

The long walk over muddy turf, the sudden showers, our unpaid-for spring suits, our coming examinations cannot check us. Daffodils are in the windows, the willow leaves are showing green, a lavender haze veils the horizon, and somewhere a robin has been heard singing. It is what we have worked toward all winter. Groups and casts, cut flowers, and human figures, sedately posing, are all very well in their places. They have served us faithfully, but how pitifully dull and uninteresting they appear compared with the new life out of doors!

So we all rush back to nature, which has, since the beginning, given man his knowledge and inspiration. Her unfailing and ever-changing beauty is ours for the looking. More than in any other part of our work, fame and ambitions are laid aside, and we work for the very joy of the working.

Sketches, brushes, stools, and boxes strapped to our backs, we wander through the highways and byways, seeking, not what we may devour, but what we may perpetuate.

If we have to return home to pneumonia lozenges and ginger tea, what of it! "Never a rose without some thorn," and we have had some hours of pure happiness. And, to quote once more: "Nothing can take from us the good times we have had."

Christopher Meddler.

"God Himself is the best poet and the real is His Song." — *Mrs. Browning.*

The Fairy Dust

To how many of the people who pass it daily is the "B. & A." train-yard a restful and beautiful spot?

During the early hours of "pleasant" days there is a fascination in watching car after car, each swifter than the last, pass by, or the never-ceasing change that is constantly taking place, back and forth and back again.

From the middle of the afternoon until sunset, the spell increases as the colored air lying over the yard mixes with the growing sunset glow, and, at sunset, the haze reaches a glory that is as unreal as it is "uncommercial."

After this brighter glory fades, however, and one by one, or in twos and threes, the lights begin to twinkle and stare with many colors, a fairyland is made visible to the human eye. The torches of the fairy folk, some dancing and some still, may be seen until a fiery monster comes with a sudden rush and roar, with fire belching forth from his mouth and one great eye, and covers all in a great flame-colored cloud of breath, from which they emerge trembling with fright, their torches blinking and going out until they recover, when every fairy light gleams peacefully once more, until another long dragon unexpectedly appears. They are overcome as before, but with endless variations to delight the eye of the watcher.

There are days, though, when a peculiar yellow glow seems to envelop the yard in a warm light, days when the sun is behind a blue-gray stretch of cloud. This is the train-yard at its best. The neighboring buildings of Copley square on one side, and the great dome of the Science church on the other, seem to combine their stature, with the beautiful haze between, to make such a harmony of form and color as is seldom attempted upon canvas.

If we could see this spot as beautiful as it is, we would think more of passing by it than of walking through the gardens.

S. Annette Washburn, '08.

"The realistic is the truth, a close copy of nature. The ideal is what a man wishes were true.—*Van Cleve.*

Taormina

The CENTRE OF VISION has just received a long and very interesting letter from Miss Josephine M. Fernald, who graduated from this school a few years ago. At present she is traveling through Italy, and this letter is descriptive of some of her first impressions. We are unable to print the whole letter, so will quote a passage here and there. She has just described an interesting ocean voyage, and now tells of her landing.

"Landing in small boats, which is always exciting in Italy, as well as interesting, and after passing the dozana, we took the first train for Giardini and Taormina. At the left of us was the broad, blue sea, with its myriad shades so beautiful and characteristic to Sicily. February being the fruit season, the lemon and orange groves were rich with color, for the orange tree is surely the most decorative and beautiful one can imagine. Everywhere on the mountain sides streams of water gush down furiously to the sea.

"Arriving at Giardini, a small village by the sea, we hired carriages and began the ascent to Taormina, which is about an hour's ride. So gradual is the ascent that one has all the variety of scenery. Mt. Etna rises, with its grandeur forming a variable sky line only broken by the smoke which gushes from the cone in volumes upward to the heavens, always indicating the way of the wind. The flake-white mantle of snow bids one 'tis winter. While still gradually ascending, one can look down to the sea and the beach, the fishermen in their cottages, the boats plying in and out among the wonderful grottoes, for all are adding their bit to the picture before one.

"Many visitors also go to the Lace School, or School of Benefits to the Poor, started by Lady Hill several years ago. It has made wonderful progress, the girls being able to earn something each day. There are also many able helpers.

"Several artists of note are here: Sir Richmond, of England, Mr. Hathorne, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. Galeag, Mr. Dufuer, and Mr. Ranger, also Mr. Charles Wood, whose water-colors are so true to the atmosphere of the place.

"Josephine May Fernald."

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THE SHEPHERDESS

FROM PAINTING BY LEROLLE

ALUMNI NOTES

Royal B. Farnum, Editor

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across a rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day, and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher.

Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed the optimistic sergeant, "thank God, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"

Miss Jean Kimber, '06, has obtained an excellent position as instructor of drawing in the High School of Fitchburg, Mass.

We learn of the engagement of Anna M. Wilson, '06, to a Mr. Davis. Keep it up, '06. Next!

Miss Hyames, '90, passed through exciting and heroic experiences during the California earthquake, while staying at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Cora Greenwood, '95, of Hartford, Conn., is arranging for a party leaving July 2 for the Azores, Gibraltar, Italy, Switzerland, France, and England.

Fred H. Daniels, Public School Class, '95, of Springfield, is writing a series of interesting articles on blackboard drawing for the School Arts Book.

"Music is the shower-bath of the soul, washing away all that is impure." —*Schopenhauer.*

It is most interesting to note that, at the Congress on Art Education at Berne, Switzerland, in 1904, the Official Committee for America, appointed for the Congress to be held in London in August, 1908, is composed of three Normal Art School men. They are James Hall, '91, chairman, director of the Art Department of the Ethical Culture School, New York City; Charles M. Carter, '79, director of art education, Denver, Colo.; and William Woodward, '86, professor of art, Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La. And four of the nine assistants to this committee are graduates of our school, while a fifth has been a student there.

We are just as pleased to hear from those who have studied at the school, though they may not have graduated, as from the graduates themselves. The editor was happily surprised to meet in Cleveland, O., Mrs. Roth, who, after attending two years in the class of '94, was compelled to leave, on account of her husband's ill health.

The Faculty Reception and Dance

The Faculty dance, which is to take place April 11, will not only be the biggest social function of our school year, but will be the biggest affair of its kind held in this school for many years. Some twenty or more years ago, costume parties of very original and unique characters were held here. This year we will attempt something of the sort. The period chosen is the American Colonial period, dating from the landing at Jamestown through the Revolutionary War. Every one will be obliged to come in costume; any costume worn in any colony in this period. Besides general dancing, an interesting programme is planned, including tableaux, under the direction of E. L. Major, fancy dancing, etc. This is an event no member of the school should miss. The admission is $1, and tickets may be obtained from any member of the committee.

"Life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
If you give to the world the best you have,
The best will come back to you." —Ex.

ART NOTES

Edited by Edith M. Shepard

In the notice in last month's issue of the exhibition of the Corcoran Art Gallery, the names of Ernest L. Major, Wilbur Dean Hamilton, Vesper L. George, and Richard Andrew, as other contributors from this school, were unintentionally omitted.

The last quotation from "The Mural Painter and His Public," by Will H. Low, was also omitted, making the printed article end in a very abrupt and contradictory way.

President Roosevelt has been discussing with the treasury officials the desirability of changing the designs of our gold coins for more artistic ones. He has now commissioned Augustus St. Gaudens, it is understood, to prepare appropriate designs for such of our coins as, according to law, may be changed.

By act of Congress, the President is invested with the power to make such changes as he may desire, under certain limitations. The designs of coins may not be changed more often than once in twenty-five years, each coin must bear an emblem of Liberty, the date of coinage, and the words, "E pluribus unum." The present gold coins have been in use since 1866, but unfortunately the silver coins have been used since 1892 only, and so cannot be altered for some time to come.

The Transcript says:—

"The average person may not attach much importance to the artistic effect of the national coinage. He may think that he is not interested in any feature of the design on a coin except the figure which denotes the value. But of course this is not true. The preference for any object which has significance and beauty over one that is meaningless and inharmonious belongs in greater or less degree to everybody, and to the extent that this appreciation is developed it is highly prized. The pre-

"The individualities of touch are as various as are the disposition and character of each and every one of us."—*William Mason.*

cious metals themselves doubtless owe their early world-wide acceptance as a medium of exchange to their beauty and adaptability for personal adornment. Among even barbarous peoples the innate feeling for beauty finds expression in their blankets and baskets, and every step of the way to the highest civilization is marked by growing appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful.

"It is also well recognized that the culture of a people is always reflected in its coinage. The flowering period of Greek civilization is recorded in the most beautiful coinage the world has ever known, while the rise and decline of Rome may be traced in the artistic development and deterioration of the imperial coins. A highly cultivated people will no more put up with crude and inartistic coins than with clumsy furniture or houses devoid of artistic effect. But, not only will a cultivated people want artistic coins, but an artistic coinage will do much to cultivate the the taste of a people. Constant familiarity with good pictures, good sculpture, and the best modern coinage has helped to create in France standards of taste to which her artisans have become unconsciously attuned, and the commercial results are to be seen in a golden tribute from all the world."

It is time that the United States turned its attention to this matter. Hitherto the designs for our coins have been prepared by salaried engravers at the mint, instead of by our best artists.

Three paintings by Titian, and Zuchero's portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, valued at £2,000, were recently destroyed by fire in the home of Sir William Miller, Englemere Lodge. Valuable china and some ancient Persian carpets were also lost.

In the Fine Arts column of the Transcript for March 8 was the following announcement:—

"A competition for scholarships, open to all art students in the United States, with the exception of those in New York City, will be held at the Art Students' League, New York, on April 26. Ten scholarships will be awarded for the best work shown, whether from life, antique, portrait illustration, or composition. If in the opinion of the jury the work merits it, more than ten scholarships will be awarded. The jury will

consist of the instructors of the league. These scholarships will entitle the holder to free tuition in any two classes of the Art Students' League during the winter term of 1907-'08, and are equivalent to the payment of $100 tuition. Work should be forwarded so as to reach the league not later than Saturday, April 20. All art students interested in this are invited to enter the competition. All work should be sent express, or postage prepaid, addressed, For Scholarship Competition, Art Students' League of New York, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y."

The results of the cover competition for the Woman's Home Companion have been announced. The first prize of $1,500 was won by E. Stetson Crawford, a mural painter. He was a student in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and he has studied abroad under the instruction of Whistler, Bouguereau, Ferrier, and Puvis de Chavannes.

The second prize of $1,000 was won by Louise Cox, the wife of Kenyon Cox. She is a well-known painter.

Two of the remaining prizes were won by pupils of Howard Pyle.

It is said that more than 4,000 designs were submitted, some coming from England, France, Canada, Japan, and the West Indies.

In the February number of Studio there is a short illustrated article called "American Sculpture of To-day." It tells briefly of the work of Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, Cyrus E. Dallin, Bela L. Pratt, Frederick Macmonnies, and several other sculptors.

The February magazine number of the Outlook contains an interesting article on Howard Pyle and his school, with illustrations of the artist and his work.

An exhibition of landscapes by Claude Monet opened at the Kimball Galleries, 31 Beacon street, March 11.

Landscapes by Charles H. Davis will be exhibited in April at the Doll and Richards Galleries. Mr. Davis has been traveling in the Welsh mountains, and some of his pictures are scenes from that region.

At J. H. Hatfield's Galleries, on St. James avenue, is an exhibition of Charles H. Woodbury's drawings showing scenes from many different lands.

EDITORIALS

"And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies."

—Mrs. Barbauld.

There is always magnetism of a more or less degree which attracts us to the letter rack, and we seldom pass it by without stopping to see "if there is anything for me?" But—and here we hesitate—how many go to the bulletin board daily and keep in touch with the work that is going on in our immediate circle? Very few, we must admit. Opportunities of increasing our store of knowledge are lost simply because we careless persons don't give thought enough to the little things which go to make up an all-important whole.

Then there is another point worthy of some little attention, and we beg, last, but not least, that each and all watch the box at the foot of the stairs in the first corridor. Each month there is a notice posted telling that all material for the CENTRE OF VISION is due at a certain time, and that means that every one is invited or requested to do his share in the progress of our school paper, in order that each month may be a step in advance of the previous month. How great a step this may be lies with the student body, and we look to the student body for better support.

The Elmer Chickering Company has been chosen as photographer for the class of 1907. Let us here mention the fact that any member of the school is privileged to have pictures taken at the rates given the Seniors, and may obtain cards from the photographic committee.

The staff has a new member added to its number in the person of Aldro T. Hibbard as assistant business manager.

"How sour sweet music is when time is broken and no proportion kept."—*Shakespeare*.

—NOT—YET—BUT—SOON—

We'll be with nature and the birds,
The frisking cows and browsing herds,
We'll take a plunge in ocean's brine,
Or catching fish with hook and line.
Not yet, but soon.

We'll take a stroll or trolley ride,
With our best love close by our side,
We'll leave this place with parchments new,
And the idea we'll *do* a few,
Not yet, but soon.

"True art-endeavor alone it is that makes the artist happy or miserable."— *Louis Ehlert.*

Class Notes

'07

Florence I. Bulfinch — James K. Bonnar

Since we-uns of the Public School Class have encountered those fifty critical pairs of eyes, gazing with question upon the "new teacher," we can appreciate Pat's sentiment: "Sure, an' whin Oi stood up on that platform, even the ceilin' of the room was deckerated with eyes!"

At the roll-call students troubled with weak voices are earnestly requested to take front seats.

Teacher (to student): "And where is your note explaining that it is your afternoon to observe?"

Student: "I've misplaced it."

Beware, or the constable will get you if you don't watch out.

Miss C——: "Do you see the model's nose as blue as that?"

Mr. F——: "He just blue his nose, didn't he?"

And those that are last may be first, and those that are first may be first.

Directions: Join the P. G.'s.

Mr. Fox is much missed in his studio. We hope for his speedy recovery. Where may the college ices now be obtained?

'08

Polly M. Leavett — Charles R. Mabie

Shakespeare adapted:—

Miss Enright—"The Tempest."

Miss Washburn—"Taming of the Shrew."

Miss Evans—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Mr. Johnson—"Love's Labor Lost."

Miss Ellsbree—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Mr. Randel—"Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Goodman—"Hamlet" (I am not mad!).

Miss O'Connor—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in tune."— *Ruskin*.

Hurrah for anatomy, Juniors! Hurrah for vacation, everybody!

According to Prince Henry, the word "hustle" is in good English usage, and when we consider that the close of the school is distant less than 100 days, it wouldn't be a bad idea to put the word into practical use.

At their class meeting held recently, 1908 elected the following officers: President, Charles Perry; vice-president, Annette Washburn; treasurer, Katherine Brown; secretary, Margaret Evans.

We sympathize deeply with our classmate, Rose McCarthy, in her late bereavement.

Do you think the two young ladies whose playing at recess we have enjoyed so much would appreciate our gratitude any less if we were to give them a chance to dance once in a while?

We are glad to know that the students in Mr. Munsell's are happy.

M. O'K——ski has once more made his appearance in this country, not, however, as bass-soprano of the Majoric Opera Company, but as designer and importer of the latest styles in Parisian costumes.

First Student: "I have just been out in the corridor, and——oh!"
Second Student: "What frightened you so?"
First Student: "The silence!"

SUITE SEVEN.

"If seven maids with seven brooms
Should sweep this suite for a year,
Do you suppose," asked all the seven,
"That they could keep it clear?"

'09

Lillian Holden — Richard J. Herlihy

Mr. H—m—t—n: "Shut your head and throw back your eyes."

A little bit of good advice: Jo, never be impertinent!

Every one is in such a hurry to get back to work about 12.30. I wonder why!

We hope that the gentlemen from the Legislature enjoyed their visit as much as we did. Perhaps we may return the favor some day.

Who said "Salome" was not coming to Boston? We know better, but have yet to see the famous "Dance of the Seven Veils."

" Whoever is inspired with the love of art need fear nothing. Fools alone are timid."—*George Sand.*

All seems to be quiet along the Potomac the last few weeks, and blessed quietude reigns supreme. Now is your opportunity, children, to do all the things you have neglected during the first term.

Wanted: A stick of atmosphere by a B student. Good price paid.

Miss ——— has a delightful recipe for Titian hair: First anoint the hair thoroughly with copious quantities of red paint, dilute with kerosene, and rub into the hair well. The effect is quite startling. Ask her what she used to get the effect out.

The odor in Mr. Munsell's studio recently must have carried him back to days in Paris. Only the garlic was missing, but the onions were doing their best to make up for it. One victim was prostrated, but latest reports are encouraging.

Poor Ishmael! According to Class B compositions, he must have spent his childhood and early youth asleep in the desert. One portrayed him about five years old, and one about fifteen, with the others ranging between.

Subtle, subtle, subtle! Oh, dear, lead me to something in this world absolutely free from subtlety. It has come to that extreme in here that our otherwise peaceful sleep at night is interrupted by horrible, subtle goblins glaring at us out of the darkness.

Would that we were all possessed of Mr. H's Teutonic qualities. It seemed that Mr. M—— was favorably impressed when he discovered them.

Miss P—— finds the gift of omnipresence a useful one, and she seems to use it to good advantage.

Mr. Major suggests bringing Dr. Butler into the studio to teach anatomy, but the students are inclined to think Dr. Jelly would find more medical work worthy of immediate attention.

"The smile that won't come off" (Miss N——). "Laugh and grow fat." Try the famous Brown method.

B students, get to work. The new members are pushing ahead.

"Music is God's voice reflected by nature into man's consciousness."

'10

Alice H. Stephens Aldro T. Hibbard

A class meeting was at last called on Wednesday afternoon, February 27. Mr. Stiles, president of the Senior class, kindly consented to preside over the meeting, assisted by the secretary, Miss Morse. The executive officers were elected, and a few suggestions were offered by Mr. Stiles. The officers are as follows: President, A. T. Hibbard; vice-president, Miss M. Derby; secretary, Miss L. Hall; treasurer, L. Boudreau.

We regret to say that Mr. Cameron has not attended school for the past two weeks, owing to a severe wound on his leg from a coasting accident. Cheer up, "Morley."

If Fred Nichols had been elected treasurer of the class, there would have been at least five cents in the treasury as a starter.

Miss Pl—t—d: "Miss Ch—d, why are you not in water-color?"

Miss Ch—d: "The Public School Class is in there to-day."

Miss Pl—t—d: "And will I find the rest of you in the next room?"

We all are glad to know that Mildred Bryant has gone home from the hospital, and although she is very much better, she will not be able to come back to school yet.

Our little "circle" is just as lively as of old, even though we have changed studios!

Miss P——d tells us to keep our "little tongues" quiet for just a little longer!

The Springfield Homestead certainly supplies our room with plenty of fun.

On asking Granberry where the pictures which were being hung on the stairs came from, he replied: "From the Normal Art School; they once hung on the walls, but before your day, though (two years ago)."

There seems to be quite a question between two of our smaller young ladies as to which one is the taller and which one the heavier. Is it not so, "Rufus" and "Edna"?

O'Sullivan's rubber heels are quite the fashion now. Why not get some?

S. Annette Washburn, Editor

We have all been benefited by the mistakes as well as the successes of another. As individuals, and as a class of individuals, this still holds good. Then we like to point out to others the things that have helped or amused us. Where but in an exchange column could we better discuss such matters?

This is one argument for an exchange department in our school magazines, and it is a sound, reasonable one. Why not consider it, fellow-schools? Vote for an exchange department to be added to your paper.

The *Whitworth Clinonian* has a very interesting exchange column.

The *Drury Academe* has a few exchange notes and a large number of jokes.

The *High School Times* has a very useful column of notes.

The exchanges in the *Enterprise* are very well arranged.

The *Penn Charter Magazine* in one of its criticisms deplores a certain smallness that is liable to creep into a school paper, in a very broad, unbiased manner.

The exchange department in the *Somerville Radiator* does not come quite up in interest to the other departments.

The exchange department in the *Andrew College Journal* is very well handled, and carries a note of conviction to the heart and head of the reader.

Such a good paper as is the *Calendar* ought to have an exchange column.

The centre-piece in the cover this month was drawn by Miss Margaret Evans.

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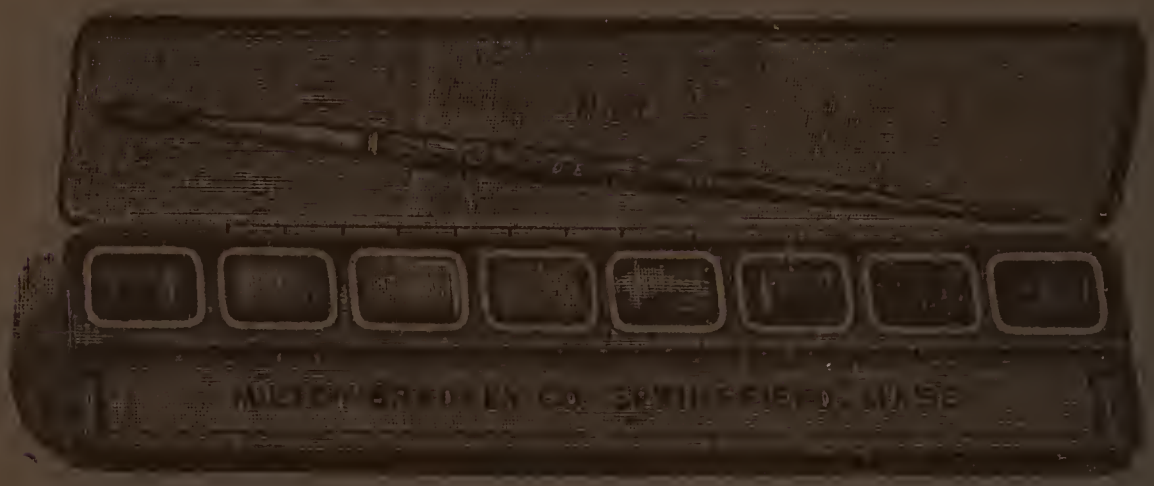

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